

The World

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BACK TO WORK AGAIN.

An army of 20,000 men returning to work is an impressive sight, the significance of which could be more readily realized if they were to march up Broadway in solid ranks. At the present moment, with building operations so long delayed beyond the contract time of completion, with schools and theatres faring alike badly with business blocks from the costly postponement, the sight is one to inspire as well. Yesterday a corps of plasterers and bricklayers to this number took up the tools they laid down in May. To-day a division of several thousands more will return. Yet a mightier host, more than half of the 100,000 who became idle as a result of the Building Trades tie-up, remain unreconciled and out.

The prolonged idleness of 100,000 wage earners entails serious consequences not always appreciated. It means the locking up of more than \$2,000,000 every week ordinarily distributed in trade channels to the smaller dealers. The traction companies alone lose \$10,000 a day by it. Butcher, baker, grocer, dressmaker, find their sales reduced or their bills less promptly paid. Rainy-day funds diminish and a necessary period of economy cuts off all indulgence in luxuries. The protraction of a strike from week to month means strained circumstances in many a comfortable home.

So the jubilation at the return to work of even a division of this great idle army is not confined to the children who want to go to the new schools or the theatre-goers who want to see the inside of the new playhouses. It is joined in by hundreds of small tradesmen who are vitally interested in the weekly distribution of wages, on which their own allowance of luxuries and their own new clothes and rainy-day funds depend. In the close relationship of all members of society to each other what harms one harms the rest.

A MILLION NEW AMERICANS.

We may look for 1,000,000 new citizens next year, according to the estimate of the Commissioner-General of Immigration. The figures are staggering.

A million new residents within a year! A St. Louis and a Boston combined added in a twelvemonth; within two months more a Philadelphia. The nation's entire foreign population by the last census was only ten times this number.

Attention is called to the fact that the new immigration is largely from the less desirable countries of Southern Europe. Last year the greatest increase of all was among the Italians, of whom 230,000 came over. The figures amaze by comparison with the total of only 484,703 Italians given by the census of 1900 for the entire nation. At this rate of increase we might look for a speedy depopulation of Italy.

One reason of the present attractiveness of the United States for the Italian immigrant is the opportunities it gives him for work on railway construction. In this line of labor he has almost entirely replaced the Irish excavator. He has come with the steam shovel, and the railway cuts are full of him.

So also was the subway in the earlier days of excavation. But our local expenditure of \$30,000,000 is equalled by that begun on a single Western road, the Burlington, in straightening its line and reducing grades. The Pennsylvania has enough work of similar kind ahead to keep the population of an entire province of Sicily busy for some years to come. The newly arriving Italians and the railroad work correspond in this particular, that there is enough of each to go around.

THE ACTRESS'S VACATION.

Time was when an actress's vacation trip extended to Nantucket on the east or the Catskills on the north. The other points were not in her compass. Now she crosses the ocean to begin with and from England maps out an itinerary that may include a sight of the mid-night sun, a tour on a camel's back across the sands of the desert or a pilgrimage to Buddhist shrines. She may climb Swiss mountains, like Miss Marlowe, or immerse herself in a convent, like Miss Adams, or remain in England in a Thames villa, like Miss Maxine Elliott. In the parading out of the profits of the modern drama the actress gets a larger share than her predecessors of the last generation. And with beauty and good clothes and money to spend is it surprising that she is the most popular of American summer tourists?

The educational advantages of these summer jaunts to Europe are not to be made light of. Miss Bates, after a view of the Sahara, might be enabled to give an otherwise unattainable realism to the Mæzappa scenes of "Under Two Flags." Would not a trip to old Japan have put a finishing touch of local color on her "Darling of the Gods"? Miss Walsh as a Tolstol pilgrim, Miss Viola Allen in palaces of kings, Mrs. Carter at Versailles—the possibilities of acquiring perfection of realistic detail by travel are too great to be missed.

A DECAYED LONG BRANCH INDUSTRY.

The prospects are good for the sale by the Sheriff of Phil Daly's famous Pennsylvania Club House. The fall of the auctioneer's hammer will sound the knell of gambling at Long Branch. Other houses may survive, but the passing of Daly's will end the gambling greatness of the celebrated resort.

At Daly's gambling had Monte Carlo-like attributes. The play was high and the elite of the high rollers were attracted to the tables. In the old days, at the time when "on the beach at Long Branch" was the scene of the greatest seaside activity in the country, Jim Fiek and Morrissey were regular frequenters. Those were the times when Daly played cribbage for \$3,000 a game. This high play antedated by a few years the historic episode of the evening when Daly left a United States Senator at the fare table to go to supper and returned to find the house in debt to him to the amount of \$21,000. Daly once said that the energy and ability necessary to make a successful gambler would win success in any other business. If he had stayed in Wall street, where he once took a large flyer on the right side of the market, he might not in his age be on the verge of an auction sale. He might perhaps be erecting a Steel stock mansion on Riverside Drive.

When the Monmouth County officials closed Daly up last year there were references to "Monmouth's spasm of virtue." It was a spasm of the efficacy of which recommends it for imitation elsewhere.

TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

Mrs. Dora Lyon, President of the Women's Federation of New York, Vice-President of several State and national organizations, editor of a woman's paper and lady-high-everything, also in other enterprises, has received another honor. She has been made assistant secretary to the New York Commission of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and lady manager of the New York State building at the St. Louis Fair. Mrs. Lyon first came into prominence through the lectures given by the Electric chair, of which she is President. All sorts of queer persons of both sexes were given an opportunity to air their views before the Electric, and whatever is new in news for the newspapers.

Now that Dave Johnson, the picturesque turf plunger, has gone broke there is a great outpouring of "easy money." "Philosophy" Johnson will be remembered as the man who was reputed to have won a matter of \$125,000 from a Pittsburgh millionaire, and whether this is true or not it is certain that six months ago he was said to be worth a quarter of a million. Around the cafes where talk of this kind is mostly to be heard, the small sports are singing, "One day it's milk and honey, next day you've got no money." The general opinion seems to be that Johnson went broke because he goes up against a percentage that will beat any man. In the first place, he takes the worst of the price. In many cases, and he plays information that has been purchased. He is said to give thousands of dollars away each night to owners and trainers, and this added to the short prices that he has to take at times, is a sure way to ruin.

The first of the new type of touring cars which was recently built for Charles M. Schwab to appear on the highways is owned by O. H. P. Belmont. It is on the coupe plan, with an enclosed compartment back of the chauffeur's seat built to carry at least four persons, and is finished in rich leather. Beveled-glass windows, which can be swung open from any side of the enclosed part of the automobile to afford ventilation, are provided. The machine is also constructed to carry considerable baggage. It is painted a rich red and is capable of high speed.

There is all the difference imaginable between the appearance of Bishop Potter and of his latest opponent, Rev. R. S. Prillingham, the English clergyman who has caused a sensation by getting into a controversy with the Bishop regarding ritualism. Mr. Prillingham is a short, portly, pleasant-looking man, whose appearance suggests the successful drummer.

In the Outlook Rev. Walter S. Rainsford tells how once, when he had been long away from civilization, he was riding with a lawyer friend to an army post. "I wore no coat," writes Dr. Rainsford, "my shirt was heavily spattered with blood from butchering our own meat and carrying it into camp on my shoulders. Just before we reached the post we met three or four rough-looking Western fellows; they looked at me and at my friend, gave us the time of day, as they always do there, and passed on to where our outfit was behind. They hailed the drivers of our pack-horses and said:

"Who are those two fellows in front?"
"One is a lawyer and the other's a parson."

"Suppose the big fellow is the lawyer?"
"No; he's the parson."

"Well, he looks big enough to work for his living," they answered, as they rode on."

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

H. M. Quick Is Superintendent (Not Chief).

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly let me know the name of the Chief of Police of Philadelphia. L. K.

X. N. Stranahan.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Who is Collector of this port? E. R.

Flying Machines.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A few years ago the experiments of Santos-Dumont interested the world again in the air ship problem. Since then numerous inventors have sprung up and built machines varying very slightly from the original. All used the overhead gas-bag. When we can do away with that impediment I believe we will have solved the problem. I have been interested in flying machines for a number of years, and am positive a body heavier than air can be made to fly without the balloon attachment.

J. M.

63d Street and Amsterdam Ave.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which is the nearest High School to East Seventy-eighth street? A. S.

C. E. Farr Is Once More on Deck.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Down at the boarding-house, where I exist, two helps of anything they don't resist. When the landlady sees the star she exclaims, "Ah, there you are! Pass the hash to Mr. Farr!" Three times a day.

C. E. FARR.

Sir Isaac Newton.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Who discovered the attraction of gravitation? S. A. H.

A Point in Nomenclature.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says that "Jack" and "Joan" are one and the same name. C says "Jack" stands for "Jacob." Who is right? J. H. S. P. U. R.

"Jack" is the nickname for "John," not for "Jacob." "Jacques," however, is French for "Jacob."

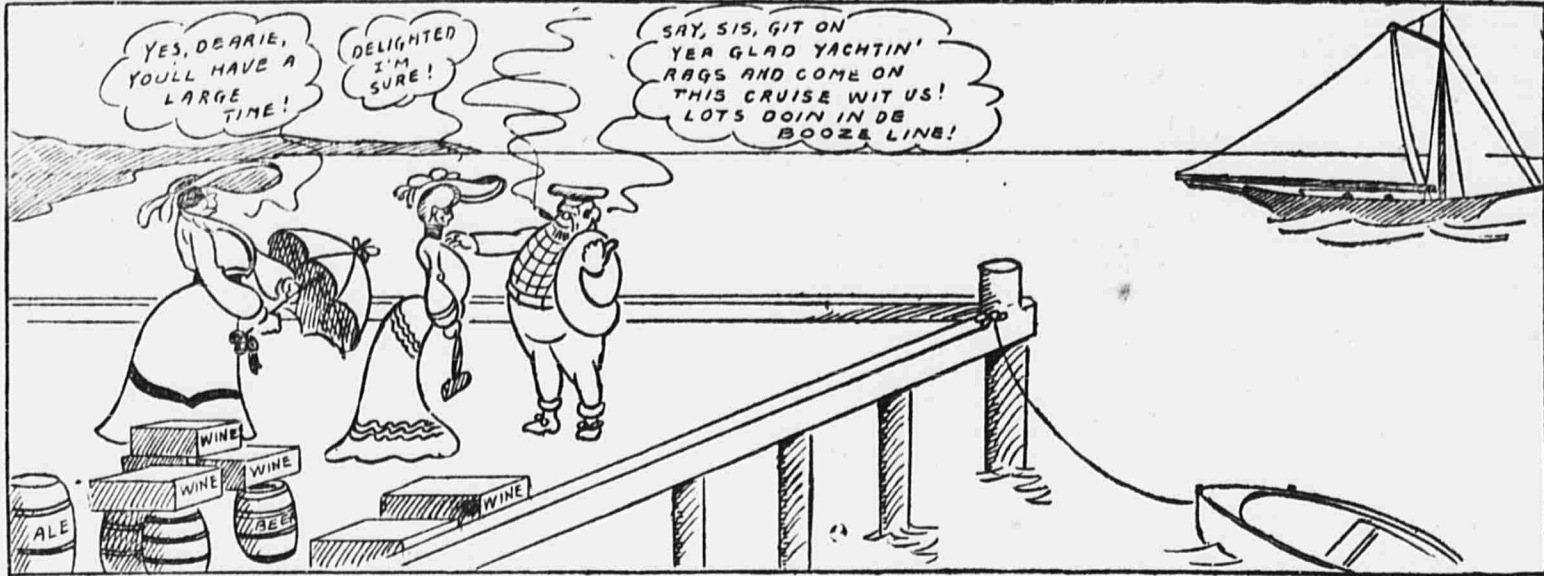
Gettysburg or Waterloo?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will readers who have made a study of history please discuss which was the greater battle, Gettysburg or Waterloo? Ex-U. S. SOLDIER.

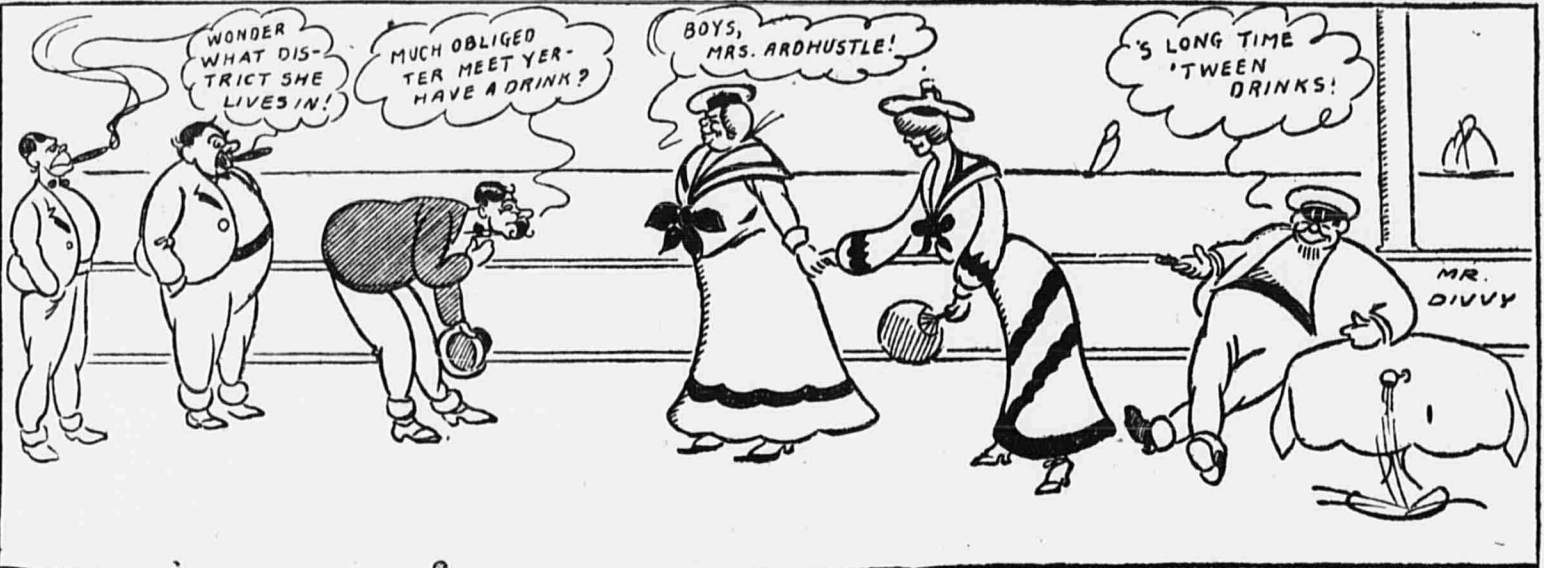
No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Was Richard Croker, former leader of Tammany Hall, ever Mayor of New York City? S. MARISCIA.

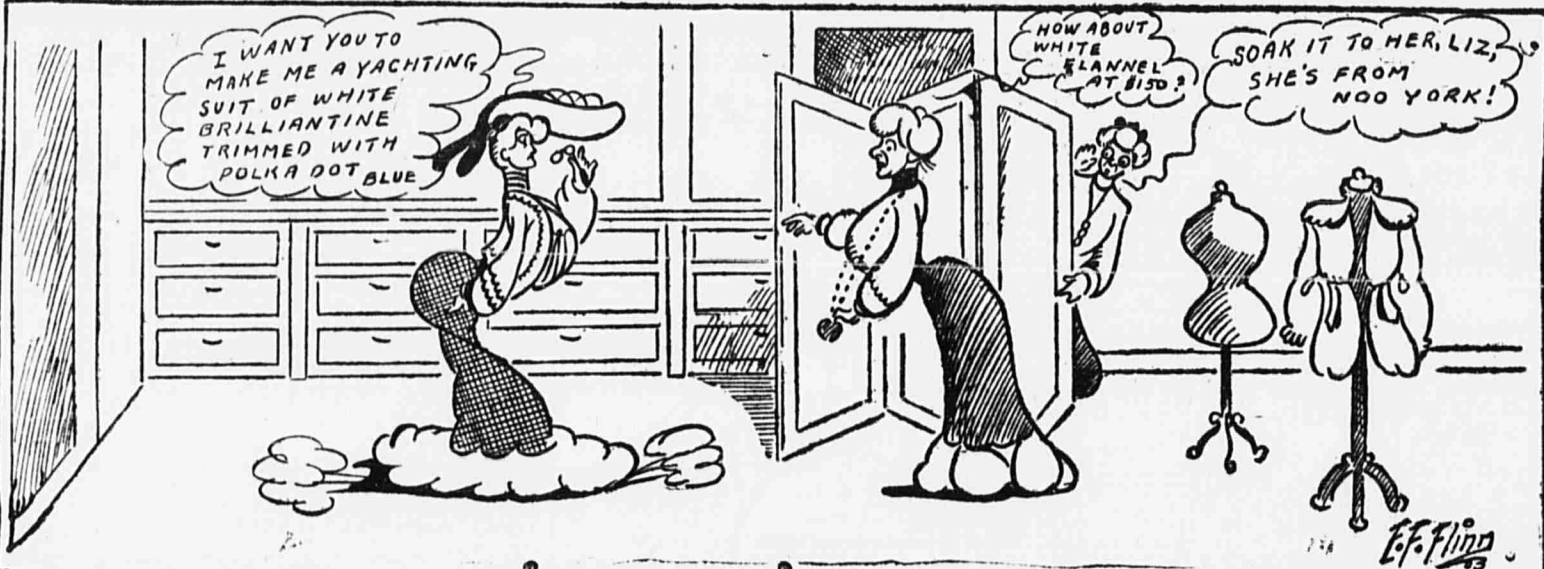
LETTERS FROM A SELFISH WIFE TO HER HUSBAND—NO. 8.



Dear Henry: You will be glad to learn that I am going with Mrs. Divvy, the contractor's wife, on a yachting trip, and as we will be away for three weeks you will be saved the trouble of writing me nasty letters about money. Of course, there will be no board or anything to pay, and for a while I can get rid of the awful worry about expense which seems to give you so much concern. Mr. Divvy is here and is

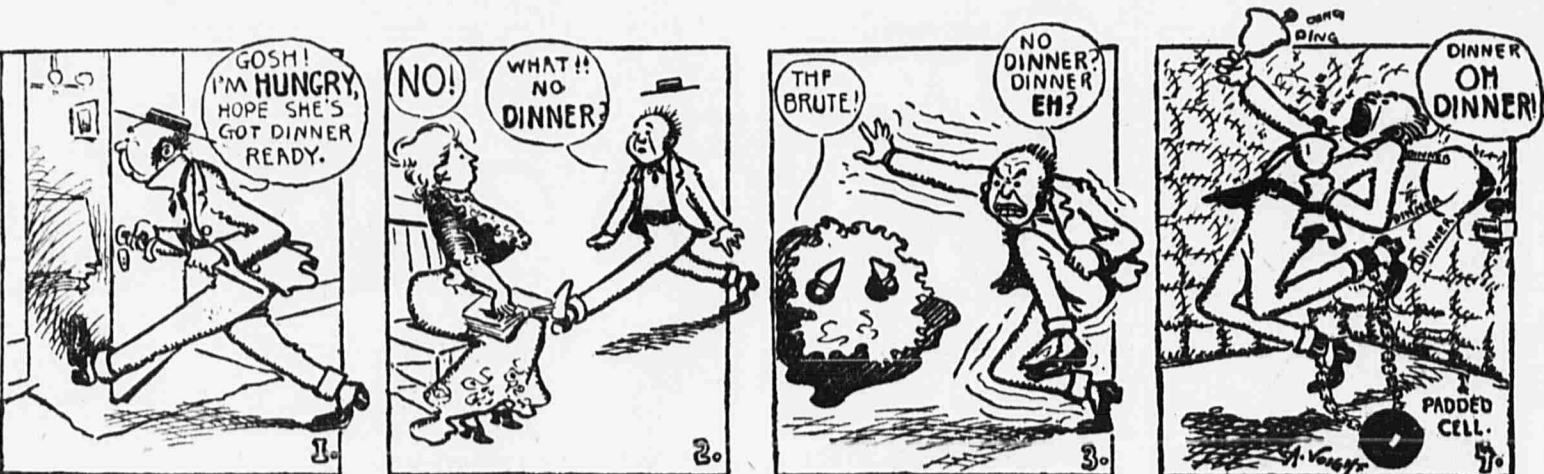


I suppose the yachting trip will be a horror, but we are to stop at several summer resorts where we will meet a lot of wealthy politicians to whom Mrs. Divvy will introduce me. Isn't it wonderful that such vulgar people should know so many wealthy people? If you



I hope, as I have planned so hard to save money, that you will see to it that I get a check large enough to pay all my bills here and provide for my yachting outfit. I haven't a thing fit to wear on a yacht, and as the time is short I shall just have to run into town and work a dressmaker to death, and they all think people who come away from home for the summer are rolling in wealth, and you know I haven't

KICKED FOR HIS DINNER—NOW IN ASYLUM.



A Harlem broker went home last Saturday night and made trouble for his wife because his dinner wasn't ready. She called in the police, and now he is in the insane ward of Bellevue Hospital. Which isn't one-half as funny as Artist Volght's picture on the subject, printed above.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A MUSICAL PUZZLE.

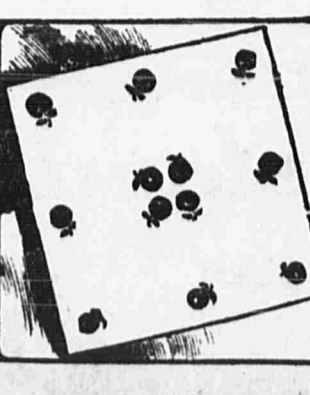


Each of these figures represents some well-known musical term. Any boy or girl who has taken a few piano-lessons can readily decipher the puzzle.

TWO OLD RIDDLES.

As I walked out and in again,
Out from the dead the living came;
Two there were and five there'll be;
Guess this riddle or set me free.
Answer—Two birds had a nest in an old dead tree, three eggs in nest.
I was as small as any straw
When I began to grow;
But coming on to ripen years,
My shape has changed so.
Then I was taken from the soil
Where I was born and bred,
And to defend my master's cause
A knife cut off my head.
This being done, then did I drink,
Whereof great cause I had.
I make false lovers stop and think;
I make true lovers glad;
I turn true friends to deadly foes;
I make all friendship fail;
I make the poorer ones to weep
And the richer ones to wall.
Answer—Goosequill.

THE CARDBOARD TRICK.



On a square piece of cardboard draw twelve apples as shown in the illustration. The trick is to cut the cardboard into four pieces of the same size and shape, each containing three apples, without cutting into any of them.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

MACHINERY TARIFF.
The German manufacturers of machinery are loud in complaint of the new tariff which puts 3 to 5 per cent. on their product, while the tariff of the United States is 45 per cent. and the new Austrian tariff is 20 per cent.

PROOF POSITIVE.
Hicks-Tompkins is a fearfully conceited fellow, isn't he?
Wicks—Why, no. I heard him say himself that he isn't conceited at all.—Somerville Journal.

A DISCRIMINATING DOG.
"Yes, the neighbors complain about my dog."
"Does he bite?"
"No; he's too affectionate. He has the reputation of being a judge of beauty, and every time a pretty woman passes along the street, he frisks about extravagantly."
"I should think the women would like that."
"Yes, but there are only two pretty women on the street—and the others complain."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE PRICE OF DUPLICITY.

A Weird Tangle Caused by One Vacationist's Pet Canary.

EVERYTHING had been done except carrying the bird over to the Dunlaps. The canary had been a member of the family for more than two years and Mrs. Kenyon disliked to part with it, but Mr. Kenyon had absolutely refused to travel for a day and a night with a bird in a gilded cage. After thinking over the entire list of her friends and neighbors Mrs. Kenyon had decided to present Dickie to Mabel Dunlap.

Dickie was a beautiful yellow in color and kept himself nice and clean by daily baths, but he never sang.

Finally one morning Mr. Dunlap turned crossly from the unresponsive bird and called to his daughter:

"Mabel, I am going to telephone to the nearest bird store and tell them to send up two good songsters and to take this stupid bird away."

"But, father," objected Mabel, "I can't sell Dickie. Mrs. Kenyon gave him to me."

"Mabel," her father replied, gravely, "Dickie died and we were so lonesome afterward that we had to buy two birds to take his place."

Bobble and Peek-a-Boo were such beautiful songsters that after their arrival the Dunlap house was always full of melody, says the Chicago News.

Time passed and Dickie had been forgotten, when, one day, Mrs. Kenyon rang the Dunlap bell.

Mabel opened the door for her and she was greeted by a duet from Bobble and Peek-a-Boo.

"That isn't Dickie!" she gasped.

Mabel made no reply. She did not want to tell Mrs. Kenyon an untruth, yet she felt that she could not tell her that they had sold Dickie to a bird store. A plan flashed through her mind. If Mrs. Kenyon did not see the birds why shouldn't she believe that one was Dickie?

Unfortunately, Mrs. Dunlap came in then and insisted on Mrs. Kenyon taking off her hat and staying to dinner. Mabel made a dash for the dining-room and hung the birds on the back porch. She could not speak privately to her father when he came home, and he had long since forgotten that Mrs. Kenyon was the donor of Dickie.

"Where are Bobble and Peek-a-Boo?" he asked on entering the dining-room.

Mabel frowned at him, but, not understanding, he turned to Mrs. Kenyon and explained that they had two of the handsomest and best songsters he had ever seen.

"The joke is," he added, "that a poor, dumb bird was given Mabel some months ago, which we sold and bought here in its place."

"What was the bird's name?" Mrs. Kenyon softly asked.

"Name?" blankly said Mr. Dunlap, looking helplessly at his wife and daughter. "I don't remember."

"Was it?" began Mrs. Kenyon, stiffly.

But at that moment the cook rushed into the dining-room and announced that the cat had just killed both the canaries.

SOCIETY KNITTERS.

Before the country-house and seaside migrants left town they were taking lessons in knitting with all the needles requisite for the manufacture of stockings. This time the women were not learning with the unselfish purpose of manufacturing golf socks for their men folk; they were making the stockings for their own use. For country wear, when yachting, golfing, motoring or tennis playing, there is nothing more smartly original and strongly durable than gray Scotch yarn hose. They are worn with calfskin, pigskin and enameled leather ties. When knit in the proper order of checks and stripes they are most becoming.

Two women with thick ankles must avoid them, but for the slimly built girl in the skirt-waist suit they are the acme of good sporting form.

THE LOST CHORD.

Among the lot of inmates at the asylum the most conspicuous was a long-haired man who sat by the window drumming his fingers excitedly on the window sill, as if playing a piano.

"What was the cause of his aberration?" I asked the keeper. "His is a peculiar case," was the answer. "He is a German musician. He was in Camden once, playing the piano. Mosquitoes were thick; they got on his music sheet, and he unobservedly played the mosquitoes for notes. The harmonies resulting were more beautiful than any he had ever heard before. He became enraptured, but the mosquitoes flew away and a repetition was impossible. Ever since then he has been seeking for the combination, but can't find it. It was 'the lost chord.'"

SUNSET.

THE path that leads from here to Paradise gleams softly through the radiant western skies At sunset. Then the sun goes to renew His brilliancy at close of every day. To light this dark old world for me and you, That we may see the way.

We need not travel blindly here by faith, The way uncertain until proved by Death. The portals daily are flung open wide; Illumined is the way that all may see. The light from Paradise at eventide Shines clear for you and me.

—CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.

